

I LIKE SUNDAY NIGHTS

I like Sunday nights
saying the hell with it and
deciding to be in bed by nine
then my wife needing
something at the market
milk for the kids' breakfast
or a diet Dr. Pepper
and sending me out to Von's
at the last minute
hurrying before they close
all the streets empty
most of the other porchlights out
only a few cars parked along
the dark side of the market
and I walk in
wearing an old coat
and it doesn't matter
I'm 32 years old
no one sees me anymore
I'm practically invisible
the donuts looking delicious
especially the chocolate ones
and it's Sunday night anyhow.
The parties and picnics
the barbeques and football games
and hot drive-in dates
are over with and everybody
else for a change is just
as tired and bored as I am.